

One portion of Merton's information Mr. Malverton withheld—the deep distress of Sydenham convinced him it was no idle tale, his love for Isabel. 'You have been so frequently at the house,' said Mr. Malverton, 'you probably know if my brother received my letter. I did write continuing to Isabel the allowance settled upon her mother. I had then no idea of coming home, but I started very soon after the letter, a yearning to see my old home once more, came over me, I had no ties to bind me there.'

'I am very sure your letter never was received by your brother,' said Sydenham; 'indeed, I see nothing to disbelieve in Merton's story.'

'Let us walk over the house; I would fain see and judge for myself.' Sydenham consented, and during their walk let us turn for a moment to Isabel. She was crossing the large hall of the mansion, on her way to her uncle's room, she had been detained later than she expected by company. Clara not leaving her chamber since the afternoon. As Isabel entered the hall, Clara opened a door on the other side. It was at that moment, Mr. Malverton and Sydenham reached the house. There was inside venetian doors to the hall, which were closed, so that both gentlemen could see, themselves unobserved. Sydenham attempted to open the door, but the strong grasp of Richard Malverton was upon his arm, his voice whispering in his ear—'Hush! I will listen and judge for myself—this is no common case!'

'Where are you going Isabel?' said Clara, 'that is if I may ask.'

'To my uncle's room,' said Isabel coldly.

'It is late,' said Clara, (haunted by vague suspicions of evil,) 'my father may be in bed.'

'No,' Isabel replied 'he promised to see me this evening.'

'Promised! then it is an appointed interview—to what purpose?'

'Relative to my accepting the situation as governess in Mrs. Stanley's family.'

'In Mrs. Stanley's family?' said Clara becoming very pale, 'I never heard of this before!'

The glance from Isabel Everett's eye made Clara quail under the detection of the falsehood she had uttered, and sternly Isabel said:

'Clara! when you took the note you knew to be mine, and answered it to suit your own purposes, how did you dare address disrespectful language to Mrs. Stanley in my name? Oh, it was most unkind, Clara, to induce her for one moment to suppose I could thus return her great kindness.'

Isabel moved towards the door but Clara placed her hand upon it.

'Grant me one favor, Isabel; 'tis the first I have ever asked—I will never forget it. Do not go to Mrs. Stanley's.'

'Why should I stay?' exclaimed Isabel, 'to be an object of scorn and contempt! For my dear uncle's sake, I have borne, oh! how much of the bitterness that fastens upon the life strings of the poor dependant! It will grieve him but cannot harm him now, to know that I must seek another home. Let me pass, Clara, if you please!'

'Is this my answer then?' said Clara; the passion slumbering in her bosom roused into fury, 'and is it thus you refuse the first request I ever made you. This is your obliging disposition; amiability of character; a very proverb in the mouth of my father. You have been a fit reception for the counsels of your saintly mother.'

Stop Clara! you know not what you are saying. Do not take the name of my dead mother upon your lips in mockery! Oh! if you had come to that mother, a lonely and desolate orphan, asking for protection and sympathy, she would have taken you to her heart, and cherished you there forever. The hidden founts of memory had been touched by a rude hand, and every fibre in the heart of Isabel vibrated to the touch; tears forced themselves down her pale cheek, which she would fain have checked; for the cold eye that was upon her, made her shrink from any betrayal of feeling. Gently she said: 'Let me go to my uncle; of what avail is a protraction of this painful scene?'

'You shall not go,' said Clara, while her eye flashed, and her thin nostrils dilated with passion, 'you shall not go while I have power to prevent it!'

'Nor is it necessary,' said the clear, stern tones of Richard Malverton, who entered the hall, followed by Sydenham; 'Isabel Everett shall have a home, without seeking for it a second time.'

The sight of Sydenham and Clara recoiled; but she rallied instantly, and asked in her haughtiest tone, 'And who are you sir?'

'One, whose hand writing is better known to you than his face—Richard Malverton! Go to your father and tell him his brother would see him! Humbled in the dust, the guilty, but unrepentant girl left the room.'

'Isabel! How that name brings back my youth! Can you love one whose heart yearns to be unto thee a father?' Isabel, who had sunk into a seat, made an effort to rise, but she had been tried beyond her strength, and with the exertion she would have fallen, had not her uncle caught her. He bore her to the hall door, seating her upon a chair, and supporting her head.

'She has only fainted, she will soon revive,' he said to Sydenham, who bent over the motionless girl, with face almost as white as her own.

The fair soft hand of Isabel hung lifelessly by her side, Sydenham raised it suddenly to his lips, 'Oh! Isabel! Isabel! how I have wronged thee! burst from his full heart; and it was no shame to the manhood of Harry Sydenham, that the warm

tears fell over that fair hand! A faint tint came upon the cheek of Isabel, and returning consciousness to the dark and tender eyes.

'You are better, my dear girl,' said her uncle, very gently, 'calm yourself; my Isabel, you have now a friend to protect and love you.'

'I cannot thank you now, my dear uncle,' said Isabel tremulously.

Richard Malverton raised the hair that fell over the white forehead, and kissed her fondly. 'Thou art strangely like thy father, Isabel—God bless thee for thy kindness! Harry Sydenham will lead you to the drawing room. I must seek my brother; it is very long since we have seen each other.'

Sydenham offered his arm to Isabel, who walked feebly; he led her toward the fire, and she sat down upon the sofa, shading her face with her hand; for a few moments Sydenham stood by her side, and when he took the vacant place upon the sofa, he said:

'I know I am unworthy your forgiveness, Miss Everett, yet I would fain ask it. At least hear me, though 'tis but a poor defense to acknowledge myself the dupe of a system of base deception. Will you hear me Miss Everett?' he said, slightly bending toward her, and listening intently for the words that might fall from her lips. But Isabel dared not trust her voice; all too warmly her heart was pleading for Harry Sydenham. She bent her head assentingly, and her lover waited for no further consent. He ran rapidly over the past, alluded to his own feelings toward her, and the unfavorable impression made upon his mind by the insinuations of Clara; owned he had never suspected the cause of her submission to the insolence of Mrs. Malverton, and that his worst suspicions were confirmed by the vile fabrication of her having refused the situation as governess in Mrs. Stanley's family.

'And now that you know all, Miss Everett, will you forgive me? Oh! believe me I shall not soon forgive myself. There was a deep burning spot upon the cheek of Isabel, that rose and spread till it touched the snowy forehead—her lips parted with a smile, that came laden with the heart's unutterable happiness; playing like a ray of light upon her fair and youthful features. Beautiful was the smile of Isabel Everett, and so thought Harry Sydenham; he knelt down by her side, pouring out the love that filled his heart to overflowing, 'Be mine, oh Isabel! change and evil cannot touch thee, for I will guard thee beloved—with the truth and tenderness of an undying love I will cherish thee forever, and if sorrow is sent by that all powerful hand, from which I cannot shield thee, dearest, I will share it with thee! Oh! Isabel, be mine, there is no joy our love will not increase—there is no grief it will not lessen! Be mine, oh Isabel, and I will pour out upon you a love that will satisfy even you, whose very nature is made up of love! And anon, the low sweet tones of Isabel, fell upon his ear.

'I will be thy wife, Harry Sydenham—can a lifetime repay such love as this?'

Richard Malverton had finished his story; upon the ear of that unhappy father it fell, like molten lead upon the condemned criminal. The uncorrected faults of his daughter's youth rose up before him in giant magnitude. Like the high Priest of old, the dark fiend of an accusing conscience was whispering in his ear, 'She did evil, and you restrained her not.'

'I did not think to welcome you thus, to the old home of your childhood, my brother. I have been very ill, Richard, and this story has stricken me again to feebleness: Cherish Isabel Everett for my sake—It may be my last request.' As he ceased speaking, the door opened, and Clara entered—could she gain her father's ear, all might yet be well; and with such desperate purposes had she come.

'Believe him not, father! she cried.—'Richard Malverton has come back with little of a brother's love, to sow dissension in the bosom of your home. Father, the tale is false! listen to your daughter! She is my child—take her away, said her father, in a low hoarse tone, of emotion. He was obeyed. Richard Malverton led her forth without the door; she shook off his hold in fierce wrath, and words of passion were upon her lips; suddenly a low cry fell upon her ear; then came the sound of an old man's sobs, wrung from the heart's agony—ah!

'How sharper than the serpent's tooth it is, to have a thankless child.'

The morrow came—Clara was alone in her chamber. Detected and exposed, she was not humbled. To convince her father of her innocence, was her determined purpose; that accomplished, she might yet retain her good name. She opened her bed-room door; he had not risen.—How still that chamber was! It seemed as though the breath of the sleeper was not there! Clara approached the bed—Yes! it was even so; in the calm and immovable features there was no trace of life. Yet, upon the countenance, there lingered peace, and beauty!—it was as though all the kindly, and warm feelings that dwelt in his heart, had lingered in their upward flight! Good old man! in mercy wert thou called so suddenly.

With features almost as cold and rigid as the dead, Clara gazed on—Oh! that long, fixed gaze of horror! But the sense of her guilt was abiding—she laid her head in the dust! and out of that self-abasement she came a better, and a wiser woman.

It was a room furnished with exceeding splendor—rich and rare objects of art from many lands were scattered round,

the gift of Richard Malverton; for the old man lived with his children! But the rarest object there—and the loveliest, by far—was the gentle mistress of that mansion. Tears were in those eyes! Yet, there was an expression of the heart's deep happiness. Sydenham is speaking to her. 'Your uncle Richard, my Isabel, has ordered a costly stone to be erected over your Mother's grave; and he has chosen an inscription, which if it could be graven with truth upon the monument of every mother, there would be few Clara Malvertons!'

'And her children shall rise up and call her blessed.'

'Oh, Isabel! I feel how deep a debt of gratitude is due to that faithful mother, whose early teaching, and judicious course have made you what you are. Thou art beautiful, my beloved! and the young husband clasped her fondly to his heart, and good as thou art beautiful! Bless thee Isabel my own and dearest!—bless thee in all things, even as thou hast blessed the life of thy husband!'

Williamsport, Pa.

LIFE IN THE SOUTH.

A COMPANION TO 'UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.' PRICE 50 CTS. A COPY.

T. B. PETERSON, No. 98 Chesnut st. Philadelphia, publishes this as a book of Southern Life, with the above title and magnificently illustrated with fourteen large engravings, by the celebrated Darley. It is with no little pride and gratification to the publisher that he is enabled at this opportune moment to lay before the reading public one of the most graphic, absorbingly interesting and truthful pictures of Southern Life that has ever been written; and it may well rank alongside 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and be a fit companion for it. The author has ever lived among the scenes he has so elegantly sketched, and is thus enabled to present a most truthful picture of 'Life among the Lowly'—Uncle Tom in his cabin, and Tom the wild fugitive.

Wild Bill, the Fugitive Slave, in the phreny of fear at his arrest, exclaims: 'Young man, my hands are rough and hard, but there is no smell of innocent blood upon them! My skin is dark and ugly, but my soul is whiter than the whitest judge that sits upon the bench. What have I done? What is my crime that I must be an outcast and an outlaw, hunted from swamp to swamp, with a whole nation for my enemies, and not a human soul to speak to me in the language of friendship?'

In the great Dismal Swamp of North Carolina characters of this kind are numerous. It is said that one woman who had run away, when quite young, from her master, returned to him after many years spent in the desert, with several children.

The publisher would respectfully recommend this book to the American people of the North and South, and in the perfect confidence that nothing he has heretofore published, is so worthy of their immediate attention.

It is published complete in one large octavo vol. of 144 pages, with fourteen large full page, magnificent illustrations, executed on the finest and best paper.

Price for the complete work, 50 cts. a copy only.

Copies of the work will be sent to any person, to any place in the United States, free of postage; on their remitting fifty cents for each copy they order, to the publisher, in a letter post paid. So no matter where a person lives, they can get a copy by return of mail by their enclosing 50 cts. in a letter post paid directed to the publisher.

T. B. PETERSON,
No. 98 Chesnut street Philadelphia. To whom all orders must come addressed. Booksellers, News agents and all others will be supplied at very low rates, and they will please send in their orders at once.

WANTED—Canvassers to engage in the sale of this work in every county in the United States.

Editors of Newspapers throughout the country, copying the above one or more times, including this notice, and calling attention to it editorially, on sending a copy of their paper marked, to the publisher shall have three copies of the above work sent to them by return mail.

SUBTERRANEAN MYSTERY.—The lower part of a Windsor chair leg about eight inches long, was found in this place yesterday in a new well being dug, forty feet under ground. The piece found is handsomely turned, and painted yellow, with black rings around it. The paint, as well as the wood, is in a good state of preservation. The piece found resembles in every particular, chair legs of the present day, having the same nub at the lower end, and the same turned rings a few inches above. When found it lay below a strata of stone some foot or eighteen inches through, and several strata of the same kind had been dug through above. How it came there or when deposited, is clothed in the inscrutable mysteries of the past. All we know about it, is that it is as we have described it, and that it was found at the place mentioned.—*Austin Texas Gazette.*

COLONIZATION.—The bill appropriating five thousand dollars per annum, for the colonization of free people of color, passed the Senate on Wednesday, by all but a unanimous vote, there being but three votes cast against the measure.

In the House the select committee on colonization were instructed by resolution to bring in a bill, making an appropriation. We suppose that this measure will be finally adopted.

State Journal of Friday.

THE BANNER.

RICHARD CORBALEY, Editor.

PLYMOUTH IND.

Thursday, March 3, 1853.

Advertisements to insure insertion, must be handed in by Tuesday preceding the day of publication.

WANTED—At this office, as an apprentice to learn the printing business, a boy from 14 to 17 years of age. Apply soon.

We have no legislative proceedings of interest. Whether the members of our State Legislature have also commenced the cabinet-making business at Indianapolis or not, we shall leave for future developments to disclose.

We must be excused for saying that legal notices should be accompanied by the cash. We cannot afford to wait upon Administrators until final settlement of estates are made, for printing bills.—The legal notices in such cases are classified number one, and should be paid as such.

THE RAILROAD—AGAIN.

We have frequently called attention to this important matter, and once more we tell you something in reference thereto.

Next Saturday at one o'clock, P. M., the citizens of Marshall county are requested to be at the court house in Plymouth for the purpose of hearing things in reference to the road, its benefits, early completion and their duties generally, in order to speed the work. Mr. Hancock, the President—Chief Engineer and others, will be present to address you; then come along, and avail yourselves of the privilege of hearing from persons who know how the matter stands. Come and take more stock; enough has not yet been taken by the citizens of this county. We shall expect to see the farmers coming up in lots to this meeting.

Do you know what Fulton county is about? She is making a vigorous effort to secure a connection with the Pennsylvania and Ohio railroad at Fort Wayne. We are told by some citizens of 'Rochester' that their road is not to interfere with ours. We have no objection to the movement of Fulton county in this matter—none in the least—the movement is commendable; but, we ask, is it not time we should at once do what we design doing? and not always be talking about it.

We think it is, and for that purpose you are invited to come to Plymouth on next Saturday, and say what you will do, and let the company know what to depend upon. We are told that the contracts from here to Fort Wayne will be let soon, possibly in this month; of this, however, due notice will be given.

OUR CIRCUIT COURT closed its February term on Friday evening last, having disposed of most of the business that was reached upon the docket. The grand jury, after their second impaneling, found some two or three bills for slight misdemeanors, besides bills against the two persons we mentioned in our last paper, as having been arrested on a charge of robbery. The latter were offered a trial by the prosecutor, but refused to enter into it at that time. We learn that they intend asking for a change of venue at the next term of our court.

The attention of our citizens is directed to Mr. Babcock's advertisement of Stoddard's patent Bee Hive. It is said to be an excellent improvement.

Two or three counterfeiters have recently been taken at La Grange, in La Grange county, and upon investigation of the circumstances, two of them named Culverson, were lodged in jail, to await further trial.

The March number of Peterson's Magazine has been received, and in point of intellectual riches, is not behind some of the older Magazines of the day.

OHIO.—We learn from our Ohio exchanges that the deliberations of the Whig State Convention at Columbus on the 22d ult., resulted in the nomination of the following tickets:—For Governor, Nelson Barere, of Highland county; Lt. Governor, Isaac J. Allen; State Treasurer, Henry Brachman; Secretary of State, Nelson Van Vorhes, editor of the Athens Gazette; Attorney General, Wm. H. Gibson; Supreme Judge, F. T. Bacchus; Member of the board of Public Works, John Waddle.

SOUTHERN LIFE.—A work designed to accompany 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' is elsewhere noticed in this paper. Hear both sides, and then determine.



ARRIVAL OF THE CRESCENT CITY FROM HAVANA.

New York, Feb. 26.

The Crescent City arrived this morning, in five days and 11 hours, from Havana, with 36 passengers.

The Courier & Enquirer this morning, publishes a letter from Capt. Schufeldt, giving a detailed account of the firing upon the Black Warrior by the Spanish brig, and also a letter corroborative of the same, of Senator Benjamin, of Louisiana, who was a passenger.

Senator Benjamin says it was he who first directed Capt. Schufeldt's attention to the brig, which then had her flag flying; but she was at so great a distance, that he could not make it out. Capt. S. however, said it was Spanish, an instantly ordered her colors to be set. Before this could be done, the two guns were fired, the second one shot. Capt. S. then changed his course toward the brig, saying that if the Spanish vessel fired another shot, he would run her down.

A letter from Savannah in the Tribune of this morning, says:—

'The outrage of stopping the mail bags has again been commenced, those of the Black Warrior and Empire City having been taken possession of by the police and examined. The seal of the Empire City was broken.'

The Houston (Texas) Register, of the 11th says great excitement has been created in the towns on this side of the Rio Grande, opposite El Paso, by the discovery of some very valuable silver mines on the eastern slope of the mountains, 60 miles north east of Downie. The ore is found in immense quantities directly under the surface of the ground, and several tons have already been gathered and transported on mules to McGoffin's mills and smelted. The ore is so rich that the silver is extracted by melting it with a common log fire of pine. Lead ore is also found in extensive veins, traversing the rocks in every direction.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26.
The sloop of war, Cayne, has just arrived from Havana.

A distinguished member of the House intends shortly to introduce a resolution requesting the President, during the recess of Congress, to negotiate with England a treaty adjusting the fishery question, and opening up a system of reciprocal trade with the Provinces on a liberal basis.

Gen. Pierce is receiving visitors at Willard's Hotel to day, admitting but one at a time.

But little doing in either branch of Congress. The members are too busy in watching the political maneuvering of the Cabinet-makers.

New York, Feb. 26.
The grand jury came in this evening with an indictment against two of our city Aldermen, on charges growing out of the railroad and ferry grants.

California dates are now received at New York in 18 days. These quick despatches are received by the way of Acapulco, Mexico, Vera Cruz, and New Orleans.

FAST YOUTH.—The Oswego Journal thus expatiates on the 'progressive' ways of our rising generation:—

Boys are nearly an extinct race. There is scarcely an intermediate stage between diaper and despatch. The rowdy infant is no sooner out of his long clothes than he exhibits the incipient traits of the dandy 'loafer,' and by the time he is fairly jacketed, he wants a tobacco pouch, a pack of cards, and learns to swear like a pirate. At the age of ten, he begins to run with the 'mashers,' and his mother generally knows he is out, because he is very seldom in. At the age of twelve, he smokes, drinks, and speaks of his parents, as 'old man and old woman.'

At fifteen he wants a gold watch, and a revolver, and talks about 'flaming' every body that don't keep up of his way. At eighteen, he is the fastest youth about town, talks of setting up for himself, scribbles love letters, and becomes a perfect adept in games of chess; can drink more champagne, and eat more raw oysters than any man of his inches.

About this time his father withholds his spending money, and the young hopeful thinks it a capital idea to run away where he can enjoy his 'liberty,' after sowing his 'wild oats' abroad, returns home, satisfied that the old folks are not such great fools after all.

A GOOD CUSTOMER.—A gentleman, being repeatedly solicited by a wine merchant, to give him the benefit of his custom, wrote him to the following effect:—

'My dear sir, I am not rich enough to pay for wine myself, but shall be very happy to serve you in any other way.—If you will send me a list of your customers, I will do what I can to cultivate their acquaintance.'—*Punch.*

It is estimated by the San Francisco papers, that an increase of at least 75,000 was made to the population of California during the year 1852.

A Philadelphia judge and punster observed to another judge on the bench that one of the witnesses had a vegetable head. 'How so?' was the inquiry. 'He has carrot hair, reddish cheeks, a turn-up nose, and a sage look.'

GEN. WASHINGTON'S WATCH.—It is stated that Mr. H. G. Reil, of New York, has in his possession the identical watch worn by George Washington. It is represented as a very massive watch, with very thick plain cases of pure gold and 24 carots fine. The watch was made by Messrs. Randall & Bridge, of London, England, and was bought by Benjamin Franklin, when he was commissioner of the United Colonies. The watch also strikes the hour, the same as our clocks.

OBITUARY.
A large number of the citizens in the east part of the county, attended and witnessed the interment of Dr. GEORGE W. PARKS, who died of typhoid fever, at his residence in Leesburg, Kosciusko Co., on the 23d inst. He was buried in the grave-yard near his mother's residence. He was about 43 years of age.

The deceased was highly respected by all who knew him, and was among the first pioneers of our county. The melancholy news falls upon the ears of all his acquaintances with a spirit of awe and regret. His scientific acquirements and skill in the practice of medicine, have endeared him to the hearts of all to whom he has administered. You had but to know him to love him. Industry and research were his peculiar characteristics; but he has been cut off in the prime of life, leaving a wife, a mother, and many collateral relatives to mourn their loss.

For The Banner.
I am a word of three parts.
My 1st is good for man and beast.
My 2nd is the important part of a building.
The 1st of my last is used in Chinese commerce.
The 2nd of my last is what the Lord often said when he spoke to the children of Israel.
The last of the last is nearly the name of a well known animal.
My last part inverted produces that which is detected by saint and sinner.
My whole is a very useful material for artists.
Answer next week.
PILGRIM.

A MONSTER.—A monster clipper ship, for the California trade, is constructing at East Boston. She is three hundred and thirty feet long on deck, fifty-two feet beam, thirty feet deep, with three decks, and four thousand tons burthen. Custom House measurement. She is to be called 'Young America,' and will be worth \$300,000. She will be the largest vessel that has floated since Noah's Ark. The Young America will carry between five and six thousand tons of freight. There are also being built at the same yard two clipper ships.—*Free Press.*

GOLD IN VIRGINIA.—We learn from a Vicksburg (Va.) paper, that a short time since, a party of hunters, engaged in digging after a fox which had burrowed in a cliff on Pine Creek, discovered a vein of quartz mingled with a yellow mineral. A specimen of the mineral was sent to Mr. Scott, a silversmith in Jacksonville, who, after assaying it, pronounced it gold. The vein is eight or ten inches thick, and of unknown length. A solid foot of the quartz will yield, upon an average, sixteen dollars.

The Markets.
Corrected by J. BROWNLEE.
Thursday March 3, 1853.

Apples Green	1 00	Lard	10
Butter Dry	22 00	Oats pr bush	37
Butter pr lb.	12 14	Peanut Oil	22 50
Beeswax pr lb.	20	Potatoes	2 1
Brooms pr doz.	15 50	Wheat pr bush	70 7 1/2
Beans pr bush	5 00	Wood pr cord	11 00
Cranberries bus.	22 00	Flour—libl.	5 00
Chickens pr doz.	1 1/2	—do—	2 3/4
Cheese	10	Genseng Dry	23
Candles—Sperm	37	Hoy—Tame	6 00
Eggs pr doz.	10	—Wild	14 00
Corn, shelled	40	Corn in ear	37

Another scientific Wonder! Important to Dyspeptics.—Dr. J. S. HOUGHTON'S Pepsin, *The True Digestive Fluid, or Gastric Juice*, prepared from the Renal, or the fourth stomach of the Ox, after directions of Baron Liebig, the great Physiologist, Chemist, by J. S. Houghton, M. D., Philadelphia. This is truly a wonderful remedy for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Liver complaint, Constipation, and Debility, curing after Nature's own method, by Nature's own Agent, the Gastric Juice. Pamphlets, containing scientific evidence of its value, furnished by agents gratis. See notice among Medical Advertisements.

RAIL ROAD
The President, Chief Engineer, and others, will address the citizens of Marshall county at the court house in Tipton, on Saturday March 5th, at 1 o'clock, p. m., in relation to the

Fort Wayne & Chicago Railroad.
Come along, everybody, and you will then have information that may be relied upon, in relation to the Road, its benefits, early completion, &c., &c., &c.
BY ORDER OF THE BOARD.
Feb. 24, 1853.

ADMINISTRATION.
NOTICE is hereby given that I have this day taken out letters of administration on the estate of James McElwath late of Marshall county Indiana, deceased. Therefore all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate, are hereby notified to file them duly authenticated according to law, for settlement. The estate is probably solvent.
JOSEPH MCELWRATH, Adm'r.
Feb. 25, 1853.